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MEMORIES OF THE PAST

AND OTHER POEMS

FRANK H. KAULL.

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MEMORIES OF THE PAST

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

FRANK H. KAULL

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JUN 5 1895
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NEWPORT, R. I.
1895

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FRANK H. KAULL

F. W. MARSHALL PRINTER
NEWPORT, R. I.

Prelude.

Should a critic a copy of this book secure,
And think, ere he read it, he was quite sure
It was just some cheap and foolish affair—
Will be disappointed, this I declare:
For after perusing this book, he will find
Some truth that can be applied to each mind,
Relating of both the joy and the strife
Which come to us all in our walk through life;
If some thoughts herein are not grandly expressed,
Still some truth remains in them, I've already confessed,
And by far the most popular poem or lay,
Is that which contains some truth in our day.

At first these were written to just please myself,
After which I intended they'd lay on the shelf
Far out of the reach of all prying eyes,
Unless they should run across them by surprise;
But a friend of mine strongly advised publication,
And I entered the scheme without hesitation,
To the public to give, for a small sum of pelf,
All that I had hitherto kept to myself:
Believing it always safe to invest,
In any one thing that will please people best,
Something to read when the bright sun
Sinks from our vision and twilight's begun.

I will say, ere I bring this prelude to a close,
That my spare time's been spent writing verses and prose,
And many of us could have done much worse
Than writing our choicest thoughts into verse.

This book is original, and not a few
Of the poems herein are entirely new;
Should the Public on this point have any fears,
I'll check them by saying, in the last two years
I somehow managed, by hook and by crook,
To write more than half the contents of this book:
Meanwhile not working as hard as I might,
For sometimes, some months would elapse ere I'd write.

As we sometimes look back and recall what has passed,
Of our joys and fond hopes which have faded too fast,
Oft as we cast a swift glance behind
At some lasting impression that lives in our mind;
At times it suddenly appears to our sight
Like some angry storm-cloud at ride in the night,
Then rapidly changing in size and in hue
Until it dissolves in the soft sky so blue.
So may this book steer its course along,
In the midst of humanity's countless throng;
May the Memories herein do their part,
And speak some truth to every heart.

Early Poems.

MY LOVE.

(SONG.)

My love, she's lovelier than the morn,
  For she is young and fair;
Her beautiful face is full of grace,
  And golden is her hair.

Her voice it is so soft and sweet,
  She speaks in accents mild,
And her kind eyes beam with smile serene,
  For her heart is free from guile.

Her soul is like a quiet lake
  On which there is no storm;
Her very look is sympathy,
  Her words are healing balm.

Thus I have sung about my love,—
  She's fairer than a Queen,
I'll love her until the angels above
  Shall claim my Ernestine.

THE WIDOW.

In the Springtime I did wander
Forth to church one Sunday morn,
And the pastor preached divinely,
Though his sermon was not long;
And the music from the organ
To the rafters upward rolled,
Till I fancied hearing angels
Playing on their harps of gold.

I always loved to hear the organ
Pealing forth a beautiful hymn
Of thanksgiving to our Saviour,
Who created everything:
And the music doth awaken
Tender feelings in my heart,
When my form with grief was shaken,
When my friends from me did part.

How I missed them from my presence,
How I wept, again, again;
Now they stand before His presence
Chanting in a heavenly strain;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hark, how their clear voices ring,
As they sing the eternal praises
Of their Saviour and their King.

'Tis the sermon that enchants me,
For it lifts my soul to God;
I say, "Father, Thou art with me,
But my friends are 'neath the sod;"
Then my eyes with tears are streaming,
For my heart is wounded sore,

And I stand by, weakly leaning
On the old church oaken door.

Soon the pastor he approached me,
And gently asked, "What caused thy grief?"
I at once said, "I will tell thee:
I am old and very weak,
And have lost my friends and neighbors,
And my heart is wounded sore;
For they granted me many favors
And I miss their presence more."

So he said, "I'm always sorry
For the poor and the oppressed;
Come ye hither to my cottage,
And there you shall be my guest;
I will keep you there in safety
And to you I'll freely give,
And your home shall be with my folks
As long as you shall live."

Then I thanked him very kindly,
For the offer he had made,
As I turned my weary footsteps
To my home in Forest Glade;
My home, though small and paltry,
Was large enough for me,
For I was a lonely Widow
Supported by charity.

It is many years ago
Since this sad heart of mine,
Drank from that grand old organ
Its melodies almost divine;
Sometimes they still come o'er me,
I hear them still once again,

And my heart responds so often
To that sad and solemn strain.

FIRST LOVE.

There's a face that often comes to us,
Sometimes at break of day,
After our peaceful slumber
Has driven our cares away;
Ofttimes it comes at twilight;
While watching the fire's red glow
We think of our past, and remember
The one we loved long ago.

Removed far away from each other,
Never or rarely to meet,
The one we once loved so dearly
We haven't a chance to greet:
A thought of her sets our blood thronging,
Making our very heart glow,
When o'er us comes the old longing
To see her we loved long ago.

Perchance, when we do see her,
We notice how cold she seems;
The old-time memories have vanished
With the years that intervene:
She whom we once loved so madly,
Few could seem colder, we know,—
But, alas! it comes to us sadly,
'Twas she that we loved long ago.

Perhaps she may have married
Some one who was easily won;

They say he has loved her more dearly
Than any of us could have done.
A special dispatch says, she's dying;
It may or may not cause us woe,
To know that soon in the grave lying
Will be she we loved long ago.

THINKING.

I stood in the moonlight, thinking
Of the days that had gone by;
The stars looked at me, twinkling
Above in the dark blue sky.

A thought of the old-time memories,
Of when I was a boy;
I knew I caused my teachers
Very little joy.

They were always hard upon me,
For I was full of fun,
Yet they very often blamed me
For that I'd never done.

Yet sometimes when these memories
Come across my brain,
I seem to be a boy of ten
And go to school again.

I seem to see the old school-house,
Exactly where it stood
Near by the rippling brookside,
And the grove of maple wood.

The master I remember plainly,—
He was tall and thin as a rail,

He wore a pair of blue breeches,
And a coat with a swallow-tail.

Sometimes during recess,
In our spare time, we took
The opportunity to wade in
The little rippling brook.

He would watch us out of the window,
With ruler in his hand,
And then walk back to the desk
With a step he thought so grand.

Our desks were carved with many
A jack-knife's initial grim;
These always annoyed the master,
And made him ugly as sin.

The initials on our desks
Were very plain to see:
And many's the severe whipping for them,
He's given you and me.

As I stood there thinking,
In the balmy Summer air,
A feeling of restless longing
Came over me unaware.

I cannot describe this feeling,
For I know not what it may be;
But it seems like a constant yearning
After that which is not for me.

A longing to be nobler,
In this sad world of strife;
A feeling to be better,
And lead a different life.

A feeling to be free from
  Sorrow, care and pain,—
These are the thoughts that now come
  Across my fevered brain.

I thought of the days of my childhood,
  And the boys that I had known,
Who would always remember their school days,
  No matter where they roam.

Two of them, alas! are dead,
  And their souls have journeyed alone,
Out of their bodies, out of the world,
  And into the land unknown.

Some of my class are scattered wide,
  Some are across the sea,
And sometimes I wonder if any of them
  Ever think of me.

Sometimes when I recall them,
  I call them all by name,
And oh! how happy I should be
  To see them all again.

While I stood there thinking,
  In the silent Summer air,
I thought of my patient study,
  So full of trouble and care.

I had been a faithful student,
  Hoping sometime my name
Would bring me plenty of riches
  And a goodly share of fame.

We enjoy it while we are living,
  And fame is what we crave,

But what good will it do us
When we are in our graves?

As I stood there, thinking
Of the long years that had passed,
A little sigh of regret
Came over me at last.

I thought of the far-off future,
And wondered what it would be,—
Would it bring wealth and position,
Or sorrow and trouble, to me?

But I leave it with a higher power,
Who dwelleth in heaven above;
He will oversee all things wisely,
If we trust to His mercy and love.

THE SKELETON.

He looks so grim and ghastly,
Majestic, and so tall,
As he stands in the darkened recess
Of their large, old-fashioned hall;
His voice has long been silent,
His laughter and his breath
Were conquered by the enemy
Of all poor mortals, Death.

He stands there very silent,
So ungainly, pale, and thin;
For he looks at all the callers
With his unearthly grin.
Those empty sockets once revealed
To him the light of day,

The beauty of the distant scene,
  The sun's departing ray.

Who knows but what this empty skull
  Once held a master mind,
Intent on every noble deed,
  And charity inclined!
Those arms which now so lifeless hang
  Once toiled with might and main,—
Never shall we mortals know
  What thoughts possessed his brain.

Thus many thoughts come in our minds
  Whene'er we chance to see
A gruesome skeleton, which was once
  A mortal such as we.
So, after viewing it awhile,
  We slowly turn away
From but an emblem of ourselves
  At some far distant day.

REQUIEM.

TO MY COUSIN.

Marion, thou art now in heaven,
  Enjoying its beauty manifold,
And in dreams I sometime see thee
  Walking through its streets of gold:
Now, methinks, I see thee standing
  Close beside the Great White Throne,
Chanting with the many millions
  Who before thee there have gone.

Thou departed from us early,
When thou wast but still a child,—
Still we all loved thee dearly,
For thy nature was so mild.
When the trees were all in blossom,
And the violets were in bloom,
Then the summons came that called thee
Into that eternal home.

There you've met those gone before thee
In that bright and happy land,
That is filled with countless angels
Singing on the golden strand:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Hark, how their clear voices ring,
As they sing the eternal praises,
To their Saviour and their King.

Though on earth we miss thee sadly,
And our hearts with grief are sore,
And the home is now so lonely
Since you crossed the threshold o'er,
Yet we would not call thee to us,
Not for worlds, to suffer pain,
For we know that thou art happy,
And can sorrow ne'er again.

When life's weary march is over,
And we all are laid at rest,
Then we hope to meet thee, Marion,
In the realm among the blest;
In that home so far above us,
On that happy, peaceful shore,
We shall meet and know each other
And be parted nevermore.

May 15, 1891.

SUNSET.

See the sun is setting
  In the western sky,
The afternoon has ended,
  The day has begun to die;
The clouds in the west are crimson
  Tinged with yellow light,
Which fade away so quickly
  To welcome in the night.

The shades of night fall around us
  Like a shadowy veil,
Covering road and mountain
  Meadow, hill and dale:
There is a restful feeling
  That reigns in every breast,
A feeling of contentment,
  With all the world at rest.

THE WAYWARD WOMAN.

In her chamber she is kneeling,
  With her head bowed lowly down,
She is thinking of her Saviour,
  Who wore thorns His only crown;
Her face is very pale and haggard,
  Full of trouble, full of care,
Slowly her pallid lips are moving
  In a humble, penitent prayer.

"I have come, oh! blessed Saviour,
  To confess my sins to Thee,

Hoping that Thou still will pardon
Any sinful wretch like me:
All my life I have been wayward,
Leading a life of sin and shame,
But, my Father, I implore Thee
To forgive me in Thy Name.

"I have everything in plenty,
Trusty servants at my side,
Who will heed my slightest bidding;
Every wish is gratified:
Still my soul is sore oppressed,
And my heart feels like a stone,
Full of old-time recollections
Of the evil I have done.

"When my sins are all forgiven,
Then I'll live my life anew,
I will join the church hereafter,
And to it be ever true;
And all through my distant future
Evil will I also shun.
Will the people then acknowledge
Any good that I have done?"

COMING FROM CHURCH.

My heart was filled with gladness
As I came from Church that day,
Not the faintest tinge of sadness
Had I on my homeward way:
The day was perfect in its brightness,
In the distance I heard the choir sing,

And a spirit of holy lightness
  Seemed to cover everything.

Nature was looking her very loveliest,
  For the trees and grass were green,
The Autumn sky was far the bluest
  That the eye had ever seen:
All the doors to the many bowers
  Were open to the balmy air,
And the many hot-house flowers
  Sent their fragrance everywhere.

I thought of heaven so far above us,
  Of the countless angels there
Singing, and their faultless voices
  Making music on the air.
Everything is calm and peaceful,
  Not a sorrow fills the breast,
For the music which is tuneful
  Lulls all souls to peaceful rest.

Memories of the Past.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

To-night I sit here lonely,
  Weary, and full of care,
And a feeling of restless longing
  Comes o'er me unawares.

My mind is filled completely
  With memories of the past,
Which fall upon my senses
  Like snow-flakes, thick and fast.

Come, sing me some old ballad,
  Or something light and gay,
To make my heart more cheerful,
  And drive this care away.

Then sing, with the organ softly,
  And let the music sweet
Roll forth in richest melody,
  And make my joy complete.

'Twill make my heart more tender,
Allay this worldly strife,
And draw my footsteps nearer
To a better, purer life.

There is a power in music,
Something divine and blest,
'Twill soothe those who are saddest,
And give the weary rest.

'Tis like the voice of some angel
Singing a soul-stirring song,
To lighten our dreary pathway
When hopes and friends are gone.

ENDED.

Our friendships are valued too lightly,
For often a careless word spoken
Will dispel all that which looked brightly
Before our friendship was broken;
In friends we are often deceived,
And few there are who make amends,
When they have unconsciously grieved
Sometimes their dearest of friends.

With many 'tis pride holds them back,
For they hate to acknowledge their wrong,
And thus it is often the fact
As we journey life's pathway along,—
The friendship we thought that would last,
Is often how speedily done,
It has vanished full quickly as fast
As the dew from the morning sun.

Now, as we pass on the street,
We speak to each other no more,
But like unto strangers we meet,
Who had seen each other before:
They who the years have estranged,
Still long sometimes to behold
A face, to see if it has changed,
Since the time their friendship grew cold.

All our friendship now has perished,
It will ne'er come back again,
And the hopes that we have cherished
Now have long since ceased to reign;
And whene'er we chance to meet them,
Never do we deign to try
To glance at or ever greet them,
As we pass each other by.

August, 1894.

LOST.

There are moments in our lifetime
When we'd give all we possess,
Could we but undo our past life
With its acts of sinfulness.
Oh! if we had but done different,
Had been truer, and more kind,
Then no unpleasant recollections
Could disturb our peace of mind.

But our past lies far behind us,
Like the sunshine on the stream,

Though we are removed far from it,
Still we plainly see it gleam.
So with deeds in our past:
Alas! how plainly do they show,
For they're always in our memory,
No matter where we live or go.

Many pleasures have escaped us
Which we might have well enjoyed,
Had we rightly used the Springtime
Of our youth ere 'twas destroyed.
Every single chance that's wasted
Fills our hearts with keenest pain,
When we realize what we've lost
Never can come back again.

A MEMORY.

We met at first by chance,
And talked of things commonplace,—
But she is still in my memory,
Which time can never efface.

As she stood beneath the gas-light
Making her ready replies,
I silently vowed no diamond
Was ever so bright as her eyes.

I had seen many types of beauty,
But readily could infer
That no beauty had ever won me
Until I met with her.

Her manners were modest and gentle,
Enhanced by a womanly grace,
For the light of her soul behind them
Illumined her thoughtful face.

Her smile was like the sunshine
That peeped in a darkened room,
Completely dispelling the darkness,
And chasing away all the gloom.

The first time I met her
I was conscious that my soul
Was instantly drawn towards her,
In a way I could not control.

It seemed as though we had met
Before in some former sphere,
And that was but the beginning
Of our first meeting here.

To-night I sit here lonely,
The fire is burning low,
And my thoughts they wander sadly
To that night so long ago.

Again I seem to see her
As she looked that morn in May,
For the smile she beamed upon me
Has since brightened many a day.

A year has passed since I met her,
Swift on the wings of time:
Her presence has long since gladdened
Another heart than mine.

Thus when our hopes are thwarted,
It gives us a sense of pain

To know that the dreams departed
Will never be ours again.

Perhaps our hearts are stronger
For what we have done without;
But too often disappointment
Overshadows our future with doubt.

Thus as we pass through life's journey,
We think oft again and again,—
If our cherished hopes had succeeded
How different all would have been.

But time, the all nature's healer,
Will soon restore hearts that are sore;
And soon in the future our troubles
Will be memories and nothing more.

OLD FACES.

To-night as I sit by the fire's dim glow
I unconsciously think of the past,
Of my bright boyhood's days which I plainly know
Which were too buoyant to last.

As I sit here alone in my study,
Looking across the white snow,
Some old-time faces come o'er me,
That are memories of long ago.

The schoolmates of my boyhood
Come into my mind to-night,
I almost see them reflected
In the fire which burns so bright.

Our boyhood is full of pleasures
And sports of a kindred kind,
But when these have vanished forever
It leaves a tinge of sadness behind.

Most of the boys are now living,
Of whom much could be said,—
But memory carries me back to the three
Who are reckoned among the dead.

All three departed early;
Ere their manhood had begun,
They faded away like the flower
That is wilted by the sun.

In three narrow graves they are sleeping
Under the bright green sod;
Their bodies have rest from their labors,
Their souls, I trust, are with God.

Of those whom I have mentioned,
Poor Fred was the first to depart;
His humble and gentle nature
Would have touched the most callous heart.

"Mother," said he, while dying,
"I wish that you would see
That the Pastor preaches a sermon
To the boys expressly for me.

"Tell him to call it my sermon,—
It's to teach the boys to pray
For a humble faith in Jesus,
To guide them o'er life's rough way."

As I sit and think about him,
The thought comes home to me,

How few of us, when dying,
Are as calm and resigned as he.

No Church vows had he taken,
Yet such was his faith and love,
He was ready to meet his Saviour
In that heavenly mansion above.

Miscellaneous Poems.

MATRIMONY.

PRELUDE.

See the heavy church doors open, watch the crowds
as they pour in;
Rich and poor alike have gathered here to witness
this wedding.

All are eager for admittance, and a few make
much ado
When they're told to take a back seat, for they're
afraid they'll lose the view.

So I take my seat among them and gaze 'round
on the throng,
While the people are impatient for the wedding to
come on.

After long and tedious waiting, I can tell when
they are near
By the pleased and gentle murmur that from all
the crowd I hear.

As I view the bridal couple before entering into
wedded bliss,
My thoughts begin to form themselves much like
unto this.

POEM.

Along the broad aisle softly treading come the
bridegroom and the bride,
Stepping onward very slowly with a look of con-
scious pride;

They, perhaps, now are thinking of their married
life to come,
As they stand before the altar, waiting to be made
as one.

Then the pastor plies his questions, such as the
Church law allows,
And they promise to be faithful to their sacred
marriage vows.

And I, gazing at them, wonder if when they are
weak and old,
If their former love will vanish, and leave them
heartless, cold.

Or will they love as fondly when they are old and
grey
As they did when they were married on their happy
wedding day.

As an old and worn-out curtain is a shelter for the
dust,
So is marriage far too often but a law to cover lust.

Love lasts while the passion's strongest, then how soon it fades away
Like the darkness of the evening just before the break of day.

See the pretty housewife standing on the threshold of the door,
Waiting for her youthful husband as he treads the gravel o'er.

Greets him with a smile of welcome, as he steps into the room,
For she thinks his very presence will help lighten up the gloom.

But when children come to bless them, and her life is full of care,
Will her husband try and help her with the burden she must bear?

Or will he sit at home nights, trying in vain to shirk —
Smoking lazily by the fire, while his young wife does the work?

Marriage is a thing of beauty when true love reigns supreme,
But when selfishness is triumphant, then it is a thing unclean.

The love of which they former bragged at its best was weak and small,
And how soon it often turns to toleration, that is all.

The first three months of marriage, many hardships oft defies,

For the newly wedded always think their life is paradise;

But when they are old and wrinkled and look back, they plainly see
That the first three months was romance, and the rest reality.

When I see an aged couple, unmindful of the people's jeers,
Greet each other with affection, from the growth of many years;

I behold an ideal couple, free from bickerings and strife;
Such a one as I have mentioned constitute a man and wife.

Take a man, where'er you find him, with a taste for dance and song,
He may have a kindly nature, but his passions are most strong;

And if he is young and thoughtless, they by far o'errun him more
Than the billows of the ocean overrun the rocks on shore.

His brain is like a field of battle, where two armies meet and fight
Till the stronger one doth conquer and the weaker's put to flight.

When temptation's strong within him, till it nearly mounts to pain,
Then he's apt to tread the pathway that does lead to sin and shame.

Or, if he be very cautious, then he'll hold his passion in,
Thinking those who show it plainly to be badly steeped in sin.

Virtue! some who seem so modest use this chiefly to disguise
Many of their grievous failings from the hardened public's eyes.

Mothers often sell their daughters, for a title and for gold,
To some childish, foolish dotard, sometimes three times their years old.

The union is an abomination, more than any one can say,
For old age is like December, and it cannot wed with May.

Their married life, if it be happy, and I doubt if it be such,
For youth and old age bound together never love each other much.

The husband, he is often peevish, continual fault doth he find,
Till the young wife gets discouraged and she often speaks unkind.

There are many men who early win a kind and loving wife,
Who in after years of trouble proves a comfort to their life.

She's a very useful helpmeet, and in danger stout and brave;

All her interest for her husband and she tries to help him save.

Children there are, three in number, nobly featured, very fair,
And the girls are tall and stately, with a wealth of golden hair.

But the wife, who once was lovely, with her spirits blithe and gay,—
Now her former beauty's faded, and her strength fails day by day.

As the children look upon her many a tear bedims their eyes,
And the Mother, — without warning, long before her time, she dies.

Grief now reigns triumphant in that drear and lonesome home,
And their youthful hearts are saddened, for their Mother who has gone.

Plainly do they all remember listening to advice she gave.
She who lately ruled the household now lies in the narrow grave.

Late and early mourns the husband for his much-beloved wife,
And he says, "I've lost my loved one; neither do I care for life."

"All my former self has vanished, all the pleasures I enjoyed;
Now all seems dark and gloomy, for my future seems destroyed."

Grief, no matter how appalling, always is so stoutly borne,
For the pleasure which succeeds it comes like sunshine after storm.

And the husband who so lately said he cared no more for life,
Now within his heart is yearning, longing for another wife;

Not to counsel his fair daughters, for to womanhood they've grown,
But to marry for such pleasures that are strictly all his own.

Love ennobles, and its lightest wish is very oft obeyed;
Passion is a living fire, which does only live and fade.

Marriage, sometimes holy marriage, that which was begun on high,
Is ofttimes the saddest failure, and the basest kind of lie.

When they jar upon each other often in their daily life,
Never are there peaceful feelings 'twixt the husband and the wife.

When the dream of love is ended, then the quarrels follow soon,
And their lives are ever after like a keyboard out of tune.

There are many happy unions, which do live in light and peace,

Calm and tranquil as the zephyr. May such unions never cease!

Never is there in the household ever spoken one harsh word,
For their home looks quite as cosy as the nest of yonder bird.

When the housewife's sewing is ended and the husband's work is done,
Then they sit and talk together till the setting of the sun.

After household chores are over, and the family have had their tea,
Then the Father'll fondly gather little ones upon his knee.

He'll tell them tales of fairy elves, which do make their spirits glad;
How they will reward the good, and they punish all the bad.

When their little eyes get sleepy, and they slowly drop their heads,
Then their Mother comes and gently tucks them all into their beds.

This is a domestic picture, as everyone can plainly see,
For it shows what Matrimony, when perfected, yet may be.

When this decision once is taken,—then all marriages will be
Great in love, and power, and wisdom; also great in sympathy.

LA GRIPPE.

Nights of pain and nights of torture,
When all night we laid awake,
For our fever was a scorcher,
And the chills they made us shake;
So in bed we tossed and tumbled,
While our head it ached like split,
There we laid and vainly grumbled
With that dread disease, The Grippe.

We have had colds without number,
More severe diseases, too,
But The Grippe is far the hardest,
For the fever clings to you:
Thrice this scourge has come upon us
And it's made us very sick.
Oh! deliver us all in future
From that d—— disease, The Grippe.

TO ——

Four years have passed since first I met thee,
Left on me traces of their care,
Friends I thought true now have bereft me,
Made my burden hard to bear.

All the fondest hopes I cherished,
One by one have passed away;
Like some flower they soon perished,
Weary with the sun's bright ray.

In my dreams I sometimes see thee
As you looked when first we met.

I adored you then: believe me,
You! I never shall forget.

When a thought of thee comes thronging
Sometimes through my weary brain,
Then my spirit rises, longing
To look upon thy face again.

Though the world should turn against me,
And my fondest friends do flee,
Yet I can rely upon thee,
Knowing you are true to me.

Through your life you'll do your duty,
And, when you are weak and old,
You will still retain the beauty
Of a heart that ne'er gets cold.

A SNEAK.

You noiseless, crawling, human snake!
Whene'er you come around,
I always look to see the hole
You came from out the ground.

When we are having a pleasant chat
So free from thought or care,
'Tis then you always come around
Upon us unaware.

And your face so innocent,
With its expression meek,
That I should take you for a saint,
If you were not such a sneak.

IDEALA.

Beautiful in form and feature,
Seldom do we see her face;
Never was there human creature
Who's endowed with half her grace:
As she walks among the meadows,
Singing gaily some sweet song,
The flowers brighten and the shadows
Lighten as she passes on.

Her song is one continual gladness,
As all joyful songs should be;
Not a tinge of pensive sadness,
In that witching melody.
Often when her voice is ringing
In the wild and rocky glen,
All the wild birds join her singing,
Thinking she is one of them.

Old and young alike adore her,
In their hearts she has a share;
Those in station far above her
Deem her fairest of the fair:
Yet with all her radiant beauty,
Wears she ever a pleasant smile,
Which speaks love and bounden duty
And a nature free from guile.

Her very thoughts are guileless,
For they are free from sin;
Her soul is white and spotless,
For all is pure within:
As the farmer in the Summer
Gathers what he former sows,
So does she by doing kindness
Gather blessings as she goes.

Within her perfect nature lies
A spirit calm and deep,
That shines within her lovely eyes
When sorrow makes her weep;
Her work is among the poor,
And those who are oppressed
Find peace within her door,
Which makes their sad hearts rest.

Straight from heaven came her spirit
And descended on our earth,
Holy ones like she inherit
An eternal right from birth:
No one can say aught against her,
Not a single word of shame
Can attach itself to paint her
Character so free from blame.

Were all women only like her,
What a world we should live in!
Earth itself would seem far brighter,
Were mankind devoid of sin.
Those like her would be uplifting
The poor who are oppressed with care,
And keep all mankind from drifting
Into troubles hard to bear.

REVERIE.

I sat beside a large grey rock
And looked upon the bay,
The trees were clothed with foliage green,
No threatening clouds o'erhead were seen,
For 'twas a perfect day.

The water was so blue and calm,
A boat went gliding by:
I watched the sail so purely white
Until it faded from my sight
Against the Summer sky.

Behind me lay the quiet town,
Its busy work was done.
The steeples from it plainly showed,
The vanes upon them brightly glowed
Like silver in the sun.

The faintest zephyr moved the grass,
The birds sang soft and low,
I heard the distant robin trill
And through my senses ran a thrill,
A strain of long ago;

Some words that I had once forgot:
And like a tender strain
They brought up visions of the past,
And hopes that faded far too fast
To ever come again.

Human like we build our hopes
On pedestals too high;
One by one they fade away
Like violets in the month of May,
Or sunsets in the sky.

The artist lives on scanty fare;
Ofttimes in suffering real,
In his bare unfurnished room
He paints, amid the darkening gloom,
That which is his ideal.

Many years of study and thought
Must pass ere he achieve
Something whose grandeur that will make
His name and painting far more great
Than ever he believed.

Greatness will seldom come to us
Until we are weak and old;
How oft we have denied ourselves
To lay up on immortal shelves
A name and shining gold.

That which we set our hopes upon
Will sometime prove in vain;
And after thus been once deceived
Our hearts, if they are badly grieved,
Are never quite the same.

The world moves on same as before,
The sun and seasons change,
But nothing is the same to us,
For our disappointment thus
Has wrought an entire change.

Like some great work of choicest art
Which has become defaced,
The owner sees its beauty gone,
And wonders, as he looks thereon,
How it can be replaced.

Perhaps it may be; but after all,
Who can repair the heart?
When once its buoyancy is gone,
Then deeper thoughts come creeping on,
That nevermore depart.

So thus I sat engaged in thought
Of things long passed by;
The future, too, I mused upon
Until the brilliant Summer sun
Sank in the Western sky.

I arose from off my resting-place,
And quickly walked away;
All nature was at her best,
As the sunset in the West
Proclaimed the close of day.

I took one more backward glance
At the scenery for which I yearned,
Many thoughts came in my mind,
Some which could not be divined,
As homeward I returned.

HER MUSIC.

Her name was Mary Hannah,
And she played on the piano
In the most astounding way:
She began it in the morning,
Just as the sun was dawning,
And she kept it up throughout the livelong day.

First she'd bungle on Beethoven,
Then on romances by Koven,
Till I'd feel for the minute almost wild;
For she gives them no expression,
And its too much like transgression,
When she holds down that loud pedal all the while.

Then she'd play off "Annie Rooney,"
And sing love songs so spooney
That they made cold shivers run along my spine;
Then I'd close my chamber window,
So her music would not linger
Into these already deafened ears of mine.

Let her in that dreadful manner
Bang upon her old piano
Till she's pounded up the keyboard into smash;
But I hope that never I may
Dwell beside a girl who all day
Can play nothing but such useless kind of trash.

SPRING SONG.

At early dawn of day
I wandered where
Green meadows were so gay;
Springtime was there:
All nature was complete,
The violets at my feet
Sent forth an odor sweet,
On the Spring air.

Sweetly the birds o'erhead
Sang to me there,
And squirrels from their bed
Chattered their share;
And as I walked along,
I listened to a song
That I heard oft anon,
On the Spring air.

Down in a shady nook
A maiden fair
Sat singing, as the brook
Rippled by her there;
And the sweet song she sang
Was wafted far alang,
As through the grove it rang,
On the Spring air.

IN AN ALBUM.

In this beautiful world of ours,
You are travelling day by day;
May your pathway be all flowers,
And no clouds obscure your way.

HER FEET.

The girl I former loved so madly,
And on me who used to gush:
To-day I met her as she sadly
Tried to pick her way through slush.

With her dress uplifted graceful,
I alas! could plainly see
That her dress so very tasteful
Did not with her feet agree.

They were large, and must in number
Have approached quite near to nine:
I watched them with a silent wonder,
They by far exceeded mine.

No matter if a girl is pretty,
And her voice is soft and sweet,—
If, when crossing in the city,
She displays such ugly feet.

SCHOOL.

How oft I recall those fond memories of school,
And the look that the plagued teacher wore:
Caused by scholars who incessantly broke all the rules,
And who always stayed long after four.

The whippings I got, I remember them, yes—
I was chock-full of fun all the time;
What my slate contained, easily you may guess,
It was pictures of ships and some rhymes.

She would sit by the hour and look at me,
Perhaps wondering what next I would do;
If anything happened she laid it to me,
And quickly sung out, "That was you."

One bright afternoon I made such fun,
That set the whole school in a roar,
She quickly found out the mischief I'd done,
And sent me outside the school door.

While on my way to the dark dressing-room,
She glared at me with her eye,
And said "I shall not punish you soon,
But will attend to your case by-and-by."

She kept me that night till long after school,
And I thought of a fine escape:

To stay in there longer I would be a fool,
And that whipping I never would take.

I asked to come out and look in my desk
At the wrong diagrams I had done,
She little dreamed of my success
So she bade me quickly to come.

I came and that whipping was quickly forgot,
She never gave that even a thought,
If I was ready to settle at work
And behave myself as I ought.

So my mind wanders over many such scene,
That I now can no longer enjoy;
For now, alas! I have long passed fifteen,
And am therefore no longer a boy.

A CHARACTER.

In a city not far from here,
There lived a lad whose ways were queer;
Of course he belonged to the working-class,
Was very frugal, and never fast.
He was of that type of the human race
Who forever wear a smiling face;
Had anyone seen that winning smile
They would have thought him devoid of guile;
But such, however, was not the case:
For sometimes those with a smiling face
Have hate and deceit within their heart,
And friendship is never of them a part.

He had some strange ideas, this boy
Who was his parents' fondest joy;
He was baptized and joined the Church,
Yet into amusements he often lurched:
Gossiping and visiting he liked to do,
And visit theatres and circuses too.
Would always attend them during their season,
And when asked why, he gave you this reason,
"The show had for him a double charm
From the pretty girl to the man with strong arm,
He loved to see the horses run 'round,
And hear the jokes of the painted clown."

When the circus was over at four
He never stayed to see any more,
He moved away at the top of his bent
In a straight direction of the side-show tent.
He'd view the painted pictures with pride,
And think of the wonders there inside,
Buy his ticket and straightway go
Into this Only World-famous Show.
Photo collecting was with him a craze,—
He'll have the same to the end of his days.
An hour later he'd depart like a streak
For he had a picture of every freak.

Then straightway home he would go
And deposit the pictures bought at the show,
Take his album down with care,
And find a place for each picture there;
His album contained photos of all,
Infant babies and children small,
Many old women and young girls fair
Were placed side by side in that album there:

The freaks were scattered in different places,
So there was no similarity of faces,—
The old, the young, the fat, the thin,
A few old maids, and some widows thrown in.

On Winter evenings when the stars shone bright,
He went around calling most every night;
To personal beauty he was not blind
For he dearly adored all womankind,
Be they young or be they old,
Whether their hair was grey or gold,
It really seems quite strange to tell,—
But then he loved them just as well.
He was thought by them to be most polite,
And had a way some women liked,
A caressing way which I can't quite call,
Only I know he loved them all.

He thought married women nicer by far
Than flighty young school-girls ever are,
Although he professed unusual piety
Yet he liked married ones' society:
There was a woman whose name I shan't call,
Who was in statue exceedingly small,
She had a most unattractive face
And her form was wholly devoid of grace:
Somehow he had a great fancy for her,
And by this liking I do infer
That sometimes married women like young men,
When their lord and master is away from them.

But when her husband was at home,
Then the young man would sometimes come,
Three evenings out of every week
He spent in her society sweet,

Ensconced at ease in a big stuffed chair,
With the woman he loved before him there;
They talked of things of a simple kind,—
Such always amuse those of weak mind.
Her husband was in the sitting-room,
Reading a book to enliven the gloom.
At ten o'clock he'd bid her good bye,
With a love-sick heart and a tearless eye.

Well, here's a success to this childish young man,
As he walks every day throughout our great land,
May he have any number of pleasant successes
And have far more brains than he now possesses.
I really hope in the years to come
He'll act wiser, and do better, than he yet has done.
May he soon choose some one for a wife,
As the pride of his heart and joy of his life!
May she never be inclined to shirk
Her care of the children, or doing housework.
May the one he selects be large and tall,
And be wife, mother, grandmother and all.

Later Poems.

THERE IS BEAUTY.

There is beauty in the dawning
  Of a day in early Spring:
At the first grey tinge of morning,
  All the robins sweetly sing.
Birds are singing songs of praises,
  Carols filled with dulcet notes,
And a song of gladness raises
  From the fullness of their throats.

There is beauty in the country,
  'Neath the rugged old oak trees,
As we sit and watch the grasses
  While they move in yonder breeze;
As we watch the brooklet flowing
  Slowly down a distant hill,
There is peacefulness around us,
  For all nature lies so still.

There is beauty in the ocean,
As the waves to shore do roll:
For their ever-endless motion
May be like unto some soul
Which is tempest-tossed and weary,
On the path of sin in quest,
All its days are always dreary,
For it cannot be at rest.

There is beauty in the tempest
When the angry thunder roars,
When the vivid lightning flashes,
And the wild waves lash the shores.
Slowly, when the tempest ceases,
At the dawning of the day,
Then there's beauty in the stillness,
For the storm has passed away.

There is beauty in the sunset
As it crimsons in the West,
For it tells a day departed,
Sunk into a quiet rest;
As the sun is slowly sinking
Far o'er meadows and the lea,
The last rays are now reflected
On the vast and boundless sea.

There is beauty all around us
In the gentle Summer air.
So all nature is content thus,
For each one hath its share
Of its own peculiar beauty;
And the foaming waterfall
Murmurs, as it does it's duty,—
There is beauty in them all.

March 3, 1893.

OBLIVION.

Oppressed with cares and worries of the day,
  At night we fling our bodies on the bed;
Thinking, perhaps, that sleep will take away
  Those tired feelings from our weary head.

Slumber comes,—we see the things of day receding,
  All familiar objects moving vaguely from our sight,
Deep sleep comes and moves us by unheeding,
  In oblivion far more darker than the shades of
    night.

Forgetful of the day and all its beauty,
  Unmindful of the pleasures we enjoyed,
Not rememb'ring whether we have done our duty,
  Or if our former hopes were soon destroyed.

Some say that while the body's wrapt in slumber,
  The soul doth break its tenement of clay,
And flying forth at once doth freely wander
  Into the land of perfect light and day.

They may be right. I dare make this suggestion,
  Although how queer to others it may seem,—
If the soul does not leave its earthly habitation,
  What accounts for the realness in a dream?

There is no rest, except that which is temporary:
  The things that are engraven on the brain
Are like unto an oft repeated story,
  Which every morn returns to us again.

There is no sleep like that of childhood,
  Which comes to them so sudden, and so still;

Calmer than the Summer wind that blows through
wildwood,
Or the gentle zephyr wafted o'er the hill.

But when at last our youthful days are ended,
And we are oppressed with cares and sorrows deep,
Dreams come to us, in which are often blended
In fear and chaos, which murder innocent sleep.

Some try a drunken sleep to drown their sorrow
In forgetfulness, 'tis madness on that score:
Trying to end that which returns to-morrow
With all its realness, more realistic than before.

There is nothing in the whole creation
Which tends to make our tired nerves to calm,
As sleep which comes like an angel's visitation,
Or sunshine after long and tedious storm.

When we sleep that sleep from which none awaken,
While restless time moves onward year by year,
If our faith in God remains unchanged, unshaken,
We shall see His glories, and have naught to fear.

April 29, 1893.

TO A FRIEND.

A year ago we walked along this path,
Idly talking in a merry commonplace,
Youth has not left me, but time hath
Robbed me of thy most familiar face.

Although no love for you hath filled my heart,
Yet in my memory there's a dwelling-place

Filled with thoughts of you which cannot depart,
Although 'tis long since last I saw your face.

The changing sky grew black and blacker still,
The clouds went hurrying on toward the North,
Suddenly, by some mysterious will,
The brilliant sun at once came shining forth.

We walked along the straight and narrow road,
Which at length presented to our view the bay,
Then sat we shortly on a rock abode
And picked some violets, the first wildflowers of May.

The friend that walks along with us to-day,
Perhaps shortly will be sailing on the main;
Thus we meet and pass each other on life's way,
Then years may pass before we meet again.

Still o'er these scenes my memory sometimes dwell,
To take a sudden note of scenery or sky:
Although 'tis long ago, yet I remember well
The pleasant hours, that passed too quickly by.

May 8, 1893.

TOO LATE.

As I sat alone last evening,
After my day's work was done,
Something in my heart seemed grieving
For that some one else had won:
Life has hardships and privations,
And fond hearts are always sore

When their dear associations
They must break forevermore.

So I watched the golden sunset
Till it faded in the West;
And the beauty of the evening
Brought with it a vague unrest.
Suddenly a face came to me,
And it lived within my brain,
While each past and fond remembrance
All came thronging back again.

Plainly do I still remember
How we sat within that room,
Where each bright and glowing ember
Served to lighten up the gloom:
And how eagerly she listened
To all I had to say,
Till it seemed her soul most glistened
In her eyes, that night in May.

We had looked upon each other
From our souls within our eyes,
And the knowledge that she loved me
Was to me the least surprise;
Drawn by some mysterious power,
Whether human or divine,
Yet I loved her from that hour,
For her soul was kin to mine.

She is lost to me forever;
But she's in my memory yet,
Neither time nor age can sever,
That which I shall not forget;
Would that I had never met her,
For there is no sadder fate

Than to meet and love so dearly,
When you meet and love too late.

May 18, 1893.

A PERFECT DAY.

I heard the church bells faintly ringing,
Behind me in the far-off town;
Insects and birds were blithely singing
A hymn in one continuous sound;
The sky o'erhead was blue as azure,
A brisk wind fanned the slender grass,
And the leaves beat time in active measure,
As the wind along their surface passed.

On the straight and narrow roadway
Slowly wandered I along,
While the brook that crossed it midway
Rippled forth its low, sweet song.
At the foot of yon steep hillside
Lay a meadow clothed in green,
And all, save the rushing mill-tide,
All was quiet and serene.

Darkness all too soon will cover
Hillside, meadow, and the stream,
Adding, perchance, a heightened beauty
As its silver waters gleam;
Darkness and scenery together blending,
With the beauty of the moon,
Make a bright and happy ending
Of this perfect day in June.

June 11, 1893.

THE FLIRT.

You'll know her when you meet her,
And ever after greet her,
The maid with light blue eyes and hair,
  Who wears so many rings;
She dresses very neatly,
And smiles so very sweetly,
That she'll win your heart completely,—
  This innocent young thing.

She'll make your call more pleasant,
By showing her fine presents,
And often to amuse you
  She will play and sometimes sing:
She'll speak of colors blended,
And say your clothes set splendid,
But never see the mended
  Place upon your coat this Spring.

But when you come to meet her in the hallway,
Just before she lets you out the door,
  If you think she is afraid,
  You're mistaken in this maid,
For she's been there several times before.

She dances so divinely,
By keeping step so finely,
That it seems as though on wings of air
  You float around the room;
You never ought to tarry,
With the girl you are to marry,
But say, "My dearest Carrie,
  Will you lighten up my gloom?"

The weeks are passing swiftly,
And time is flying quickly,
You say, "My dearest love of loves,
You surely must be mine."
She says, "Don't be so sure, Sir,
It really is a bore, Sir,
To have to hear of love, Sir,
When I fooled you all the time."

But when she lets this sentence out upon you,
You jump and madly run right for the door,
You are mad at what she's done,
But you're not the only one,
For she's fooled them several times before.

September, 1893.

THE VISITOR.

(A story which I read a long time ago, supposed to be true; but I always considered it the imagination of a disordered brain.)

On a dreary Winter's evening, not so very long ago,
A man sat thinking, pen in hand, within his lonely room,
The coals within his meagre stove sent out a fitful glow,
And lightened for a moment the stillness of the gloom.

"I'll write my article at once and have it done," he said,
"Then gather up my manuscripts, for the evening's growing old,

Perhaps I may have overworked, for in fact my head
Feels thick and heavy, so, perchance, I have caught
cold."

Then to his little closet very quickly he did go
And took an old decanter down from off the shelf;
"The whiskey, it will warm me up a bit, I know,
So I may for the evening feel like my old self."

Just as he took a swallow, the bell gave forth a ring,
He dropped the old decanter and hurried to the
door,
Wondering, as he went, if someone came to bring
A parcel or a message which had ought to come
before.

He listened intently: the bell gave the second peal
That plainly showed impatience of the person at
the door,
There was something in the ring which made him
feel
Weak and nervous, as he felt when it rang before.

The door was securely bolted, he would not open it,
An inward dread forbade him to let the person in;
He drew a chair towards him and in it he did sit
Waiting, half expecting to hear the ring again.

There was another entrance which opened on the
street,
Which in his mental worry he forgot to lock that
night.
Here the caller entered through this seldom used
retreat,
And cast himself within a chair before the firelight.

Thinking the caller gone, the author entered the room.
Not in the least expecting to find an occupant there,
He looked nervously around him, and realized very soon
That some one lay full length within his easy chair.

By the firelight's dim glow he saw his visitor's mien,
A man attired in black with a visage long and thin,
With sloping shoulders, he was taller than any one he had seen,
And on his lips there hovered a most Satanic grin.

"Well, my friend," said the author, "what do you want to-night?
Why do you come to bore me when I am tired out?
If you've any work to do you had better take a flight,
And attend to your business, if you've any to be about!"

The visitor's eyes flashed fire, as he answered, "I shall stay:
For I came here to advise you, knowledge to you I will lend;
The clock it will strike two before I go away,
For this evening I am calling on my nearest friends.

"You were searching for a theme just before I came,
Something to be read at next Tuesday Martyr's night;
If you don't follow my advice you're entirely to blame,
For the tricks that you perform will set the club affright."

The author felt nervous, but he fixed his eyes upon
His visitor, who lay sprawled out in his easy chair:
The visitor looked at him and laughed as though in fun,
And said, "What is it that perplexed you? and why so at me stare?

The author said, "I hate that tie you wear upon your neck,
Wear one like myself of the darkest navy blue."
The visitor smiled his impish smile and said, "There's not a speck
Of difference in our ties, they're exactly the same hue."

The author surprised, no doubt, went and looked into the glass,
There he saw to his surprise that his tie was flaming red:
He muttered to himself, "How did it come to pass,
That blue has changed to red, or have I lost my head."

With an impatient movement he tore off the hateful tie,
And feeling for that moment plagued and very ill,
He stamped upon it wildly: as he met his visitor's eye,
Who said "The blue one lies upon the floor; you wear the red one still."

The visitor drew a package, saying, "These are cards.
You choose a card and I will do a trick to make you stare;

If you doubt me, you will change your mind as regards
To my magic, for the card you choose will linger in the air."

He performed it with a finish, being adept in the art,
Making the author's body weak and almost numb,
He was nearly scared to death, and with quickly-beating heart,
Gave all attention as to what was next to come.

"Have you anything to drink?" the visitor eagerly said,
"Something that will cheer us up a bit to-night."
His host interrupted him, saying, "I shall go to bed,
For my work begins to-morrow with the dawn of light."

The host felt a heaviness appear in his right hand,
He looked, 'twas a decanter filled with amber wine,
The more he wondered at it, he couldn't understand,
And he said, "How came this decanter in this hand of mine?"

"With me all things are possible," replied his unwelcome guest,
As he looked upon the author with his most conceited air:
"Tell me the place of places you'd feel at home the best,
And I promise for an instant you'll be transported there."

The author murmured "Heaven." The room went slipping round,

When his brain cleared he found himself within
his club-room door:
The boys were playing billiards,—when suddenly
he found
Himself sinking, then all was darkness and he
knew no more.

Some five weeks later when he returned to con-
sciousness,
He saw a trained nurse through the bedroom door:
He also saw for the first time since his sickness
That the old blue tie still lay upon the floor.

The first time that he appeared upon the street,
Soon after he was able to be out,
A friend of his at once he chanced to meet,
Who said, "Have you been sick? Is this your
first time out?"

The author related briefly everything that took place
On that evening, when he received such an awful
fright;
His friend said, "A tall man, with that same face,
Had intruded in their club-room on that very night.

"He came in with a bold and very devilish mien,
Stood on a billiard table and did tricks to make
them stare,
The most surprising of any they had ever seen,
Weird and strange enough to raise their very hair."

This is the strangest story that I have ever heard,
Some may deem it the wanderings of a disordered
brain,
Others may say it is the most absurd
Experience of any one who can be judged as sane.

September, 1893.

AUTUMN SONG.

The pleasant Summer days have passed and Autumn
now is here,
The trees are dropping down their leaves all yellow,
brown and sere:
But to-day the sun shines just as bright as it did
in Summer time,
And the soft blue sky reminds me of some far-off
southern clime.

The flowers in our garden are in their richest bloom,
Their life is short, for Winter's frost will kill their
beauty soon;
But when we see their slender stems then turning
to decay,
Rememb'rance will call back the time in which they
were so gay.

Deserted are our busiest streets, all save that pass-
ing few
Who daily walk them up and down, their business
to pursue;
The Avenue, which in Summer time her gayest as-
pect wore,
Now is deserted, for the crowds are seen on them
no more.

But as we swiftly walk away and leave the quiet
town,
Our sight becomes accustomed to the grass now
turning brown:
Along the road on either side the countless crickets
sing,

So that the very air above seems vibrating with
their ring.

When long and dreary Winter's passed, how glad
we'll welcome Spring,
As in the morning we awake and hear the robins
sing:
Thus Springtime comes to welcome us with her
life-giving ray,
Like as the sun shines through the clouds upon a
stormy day.

October 9, 1893.

SONNET TO L. VON BEETHOVEN.

Thou hast built for thyself an everlasting name,
With thy few companions, who now, alas! are
gone.
Many years have passed since then, and still thy
name
Is known in nearly every land the sun shines on.
No gladness had a share within your life,
For care oppressed thee hard on every side;
Yet thou seemed well adapted for the strife,
Although in later years thy hearing was denied.
In thy music there's a most incessant throbbing,
Which with thy name has reached immortal glory;
It seemed as though some noble heart was sobbing
Upon the hardened world its own life's story.
Thus whoever speaks in fulness from his heart,
Will have attained the highest realm in any art.

December, 1893.

ADVICE TO THE RECKLESS.

To those who in their early days
Are following pleasure's thoughtless ways,
And have no thought
Of what to-morrow has in store,
No more than did the day before —
Take heed you ought.

Life is too precious to be spent
In treading reckless folly's bent
From time to time:
The pleasures that some folks enjoy,
When freely indulged in will destroy
Their youthful prime.

To every one I do not speak,
Only to those who try to seek,
At any expense,
The pleasures which they're bound to find
Will at last make them blind
To any consequence.

Thousands of people, day by day,
Are constantly throwing time away,
Attending balls:
There they take their greatest pleasure,
In gliding through an airy measure
Around the halls.

Dancing, like cards, is so alluring
That it sets some people yearning,
To try their chance;
After they have got the fever,
Then their hearts are seated ever,
On a dance.

There pretty girls in silks and laces
Are held in very close embraces,
  In the waltz;
Many say, "They do adore it,"
Others say, "They just abhor it."
  Which is false?

Do not think young men divine,
Just because they dance so fine,
  'Tis not well;
For some, learned in cultured art,
Have behind it all a heart
  Black as ——

Set not your hopes so firm upon
The greed for gold, which like the sun
  Is felt below:
For many who have amassed great wealth,
Have paid the forfeit by ill health
  Which laid them low.

Perhaps some folks may think this funny,
But three-fourths of all the money
  That is made,
Is hardly ever honest earned,
For very soon its maker's learned
  The tricks of trade.

This hoarding money on the shelf
Leads to denying our own self,
  Striving to save;
Thus very oft old age has heirs
Who wish themselves, with their grey hairs,
  Were in their grave.

This constant hoarding crowds the poor,
And brings the beggar to our door,
  Asking for bread:
He who knows his neighbor's need
And denies him, is a wretch indeed,
  Whose heart is dead.

Why should men of honest mind
Toil for a lifetime, before they find
  Any recompense?
While some, who never earned a cent,
Are spending it without intent
  To consequence.

Venus, when thwarted in her love,
Said, "Hereafter it would prove
  To us all,
A snare by which the low and great
Would sooner or later meet their fate,
  And therein fall."

A passionate love is undue strength,
Which if not checked will run at length
  Its fartherest course;
Beauty worship when begun
Will lead its followers vainly on
  From bad to worse.

A form portrayed in glowing curves
Will set blood tingling through the nerves,
  And charm the eye.
Humanity always is the same,
And wishes the picture in the frame
  Was reality.

Steady members of a church
Will sometimes give a sudden lurch,
When tempted:
No matter where you live or go,
You'll find that neither high nor low
Are exempted.

For all are made of common clay,
Whether they are grave or gay,
Are human:
Those who foil temptation will
By the power of their skill
Withstand ——

Way back in the olden time,
Friends toasted each other in their wine,
Wishing them joy;
And also the best of nature's health,
And an easy road to honest wealth,
Which time could not destroy.

Every one who enjoys a drink,
Sooner or later begins to think
Of something stronger.
The wine which they drank at first,
After awhile will quench their thirst
No longer.

Then the wine is exchanged for beer,
And is drank in vain to cheer
Their sorrow:
Late at night they go to bed,
And wake up with an aching head
On the morrow.

There's many a man of noble mind,
And in cultured arts refined,
  Who dies too soon:
The social companions of his class,
And the ever-sparkling glass,
  Are their doom.

The liquor that makes our spirits gay
Is constantly making some its prey,
  Hastening them on —
To the end where torment lasts forever,
And all patience and endeavor
  Are lost and gone.

Sometimes when hard oppressed with care,
And overwhelmed with despair,
  We go to see
A play, to make our spirits bright,
Hoping it will serve to light
  Life's monotony.

Before the curtain in the pit,
There every night so many sit
  In anticipation:
Wishing to throw off the strife
And hardships of their daily life,
  In recreation.

The little actress whom many know,
Will every night so steadily go
  Through her part;
Till worn and disgusted with her task,
She smiles,—perhaps 'tis but a mask
  To hide her breaking heart.

Theatre-going when poor in purse,
Is almost a sin, perhaps 'tis worse
  Ourselves to vex:
They who waste money badly fare,
For when 'tis gone they know not where
  To earn the next.

The money wasted would help feed
Some poor person, who will need
  Clothes and food:
They who spend in such haste
Do very wrong, because they waste
  Means for doing good.

Thus many people are apt to stray,
At times, far from the narrow way;
  They walk in sin:
Because its pathway seems so pleasant
Large numbers here are ever present
  And walk therein.

The broad way is the vilest snare,
Where all its victims are unaware,
  Lost and gone:
'Tis like the wisp* some foggy night,
Which decoys the traveller by its light,
  And leads him on.

And he who follows its flickering gleam
Will early on the morn be seen
  In a sad plight,
Where he's fell into a miry slough,
And has lain, with stunned and muddy brow,
  Through the night.

* Will o' The Wisp—a meteor seen in marshy districts.

While living in this world of strife,
Let us always be doing right,
From day to day:
So may we, all the time, pursue
That path of all the chosen few,
The narrow way.

December, 1893.

BEYOND.

In some eyes there dwells a look of constant gladness,
As though exempt from sorrow, pain or care:
While others wear a look of pensive sadness,
Searching for something, alas! they know not where.

Something vague and shadowy which lies before them,
Though far removed from their human sight,
Yet they seem to feel its presence just beyond them,
As we feel the shades of the approaching night.

Such people set the future above the present,
Their thoughts are centered on that which lies afar:
Their smiles and voices are always very pleasant,
For Hope has always been their guiding star.

Oh! hearts that beat with fond anticipation,
Yearning for what the future may have in store,
May their cherished hopes meet with such a realization,
That shall satisfy their souls forevermore.

December, 1893.

THE REASON WHY.

We sat together side by side,
  Beneath the gaslight's gleam;
I, and another fellow's bride,
  Were eating peach ice-cream.

As every one was quiet then,
  How quickly I did see
Her pleasant smile, that moment when
  She began to spoon with me.

I put my arm around her waist,
  And hugged her with a vim;
Her spouse saw her in my embrace,
  But no word came from him.

He sat and calmly looked at us
  And never said, "You sha'n't!"
The reason why he made no fuss
  Was because she was my aunt.

UNDERNEATH.

Underneath the life of fashion
  Which so many thousands follow,
There dwell pride, and hate, and passion
  In hearts both vain and hollow:
Leading a life of foolish dissipation,
  Causing jealousy and often strife,
That which they deem a recreation
  Will tend to shorten their own life.

Underneath the guise of friendship
Sometimes hatred may be found,
Which often in a hateful tongue slip,
May cause a cruel, rankling, wound.
Then the former friendship's broken,
And at once they drift apart,—
All because the harsh word spoken
Revealed the hatred in the heart.

Underneath the pomp and pleasure
That we witness at the ball,
There may be a heart whose measure
Is painfully beating through it all:
She listens intent to a jest one's making,
But the gaiety oppresses her like a pall,
She may smile, although her heart is breaking
Underneath it all.

Underneath the bright stars shining,
Some one is lonely and sad to-night,
Bowed with grief o'er a figure reclining
Near the fire that's burning bright:
"I've returned at last; forgive me, Mother,"
Comes from the lips of the one defiled;
There's one who loves deeper than any other,
'Tis a mother's love for an erring child.

Underneath a pious covering
Many are living from day to day,
Religion a cloak they use for a hovering,
For it seems to hide their sins always:
Sometimes they who do the prating
Telling how Christian work is their pride,
Are the very first to begin berating
Some poor brother who's stepped aside.

Underneath her outward splendor,
And her ever present smile,
There may dwell a heart so tender
As to be devoid of guile:
That which some would spend so wasteful
In useless gew-gaws every day,
She, with kind intent, is faithful
In giving to the poor always.

Underneath that paltry hovel
Dwells an old man, bent with care;
He is quite content to grovel
In dirt, and eat his meagre fare:
Near him some wretched poor are living
In filthy squalor, and the children cry
For bread, and yet he denies the giving
Of sustenance, until they lingering die.

Underneath the mirth and gladness,
And the sometimes ready jest,
There may be some secret sadness
Which fills the mind with great unrest;
While they laugh in exultation,
Still there may be in their speech
A slight tinge of desolation
Felt within the heart of each.

Underneath the sparkling liquor
Dwells a lying, subtile foe,
For beneath that buoyant flicker
There is want and endless woe.
They that drink are always striving
To abstain, and some it defies,
Hurrying them on by constant driving
To the worm that never dies.

Underneath the sky above us
Dwell all people on the earth,
Daily acting out their parts thus,
Some in sorrow, some in mirth.
When they all have passed this country,
And entered into heaven above,
May they all enjoy that bounty,
Underneath which is His love.

February, 1894.

A PROPOSAL.

During my vacation,
After due deliberation
And some hesitation,
I am sure my situation
Would be improved with the acquisition
Of your relation:
For you have good education,
Are the pink of perfection,
And the Queen of all creation.
As you are under some obligation
For the recreation
I have made for your edification,
Have pity on my desolation,
And accept me without hesitation—
If you will, I will shout with exultation:
For with your imagination,
And my love and adoration,
We together will astonish all the nation.

March, 1894.

APPROACH OF SPRING.

The sun is shining brightly o'erhead,
Above, the sky is azure blue,
The trees and grass which of late seemed dead
Are turning slightly green in hue.

In the distance I hear a robin sing
In notes both resonant and clear;
He comes to herald in the Spring,
The gladdest season of the year.

March 8, 1894.

DOUBT.

There never was in any mind a thought,
Unless 'twas often overcast with doubt:
Life's necessities, these very things when bought
Reveal the future something we must do without.
We doubt our own achievements and our plans,
No matter how successful they may seem,
There always was within the brain of man
The merest doubt beyond the shadow of a dream.

We often doubt our best and dearest friends
In any act they may do or have done,
And doubting every natural thing soon ends
In doubting the future life which is to come:
Sceptics say when the soul hast passed beyond the sight of mortal,
Does it find in heaven at once a dwelling place?
Or is it for some sin denied that portal,
And condemned to dwell in realms of infinite space?

How apt we are to doubt the one who loves us,
And ask the question oftentimes again,
Until at length if we continue long thus
Our doubt at once becomes a source of pain;
It causes us, alas! how many heartaches,
Because from it our minds are never free,
And should it gain in power, it will at last take
Away our former hope and buoyancy.

Though our minds may often suffer extreme anguish,
Thinking what the future life will be,
For the soul of mortal very oft doth languish
For a glimpse of heavenly glory once to see.
Though on earth we may encounter great privations,
Still this thought will often fill our hearts with cheer,
That perhaps for each earthly tribulation
Heaven's glory may be to our souls more dear.

August 18, 1894.

Latest Poems.

DRIFTING APART.

Drifting away from each other,
  Steadily year after year,
Sometimes a sister or brother,
  Or some one perhaps not so near,
Has become of second importance;
  And sometimes the tears will start
When we think of our lost friendship,
  Because we have drifted apart.

No angry word has been spoken
  To shatter their friendship serene,
Still the bond between them is broken,
  For time itself has intervened.
The letters that once held affection
  Then came from a loving heart,
Which is now changed to dejection,
  For they have drifted apart.

'Tis true we never have quarrelled,
That cannot be laid at our door:
Still, perhaps, we have envied the laurels
Which our neighbors proudly wore.
And jealousy, though long concealed
By one whom we thought our friend,
Still, the moment it was revealed,
Our friendship did speedily end.

Sometimes when we think of them often,
A longing that's like unto pain
May cause our proud hearts to soften,
Till we yearn to behold them again:
Then pride will step bravely forward,
And our yearning will fall in behind,
For pride will make us a coward
And banish the thought from our mind.

So on all through life's pathway,
We are constantly meeting some one
Whose presence was everything to us,
Before our friendship was done;
A little neglect on their part,
On ours a stubborn pride,
And they who were once enshrined in our hearts,
How easy we cast them aside.

The years are speedily flying
To the close of all earthly strife,
And sometimes the wind seems sighing
Like some poor abandoned life
Who has been by their friends neglected,
And in pleasure they have no heart,
So they've become sad and dejected,
And so they have drifted apart.

THE WAVES.

Against the rugged rocks the waves are splashing,
As they break upon the shore with dreary moan:
For when each one has spent its force in dashing
Upon the shore, it leaves it not alone:

For another wave is forming fast behind it,
And ere we hear the first one's mighty roar,
The second wave is very nearly to it
Before the first one breaks upon the shore.

Beyond the breakers which are ever onward swelling,
Some vessels riding the angry surf alone;
And eager eyes gaze with anxious longing
At the waves which lie between them and their home.

They are hoping, and oh! what eager expectation,
That the tempest soon will wear itself away,
And they may find a harbor for protection
Before to-morrow's sun proclaims the break of day.

Within a paltry cottage, a lamp is burning brightly,
And as its pleasant rays shine o'er the lea,
The patient wife sits sewing there and thinking nightly
Of her husband, who is far away at sea.

So on, all through our ever present life, thus
Some unexpected trouble we are sure to find,
For it forces its unwelcome self upon us
Ere our former trouble's vanished from our mind.

Too often are we poor and earth-born mortals,
Torn by conflicting elements, which almost shake

Our faith in hope, and even heaven's bright portals
Seem far away when afflictions round us break.

We live and often suffer great privation,
As sorrows come to vex us one by one:
Who knows what will come ere our expiration
Of life, before our pilgrimage is done.

FADED GLORIES.

I walk along the same old road as in the days gone by,
From the hill I have a lovely view where the pleasant meadows lie,
The foliage then which was green, now has changed to brown,
So Autumn has at last put on her more sedately gown.

The trees are nearly barren, save a few brown withered leaves
Which slightly move when through them pass the gentle Autumn breeze.
As far as eye can scan o'erhead the sky is azure blue,
And the placid water underneath reflects its very hue.

In the country around me all nature lies so calm,
As far as eye can scan I see each pleasant farm,
Silence reigns o'er all, except the happy wild-bird's trill:
I wonder if all is at peace behind the distant hill.

The Summer that we all enjoyed too soon has passed
away,
Its faded glories now remain and remind one of the
day
When everything around was bright and nature at
her best,
Until the brilliant sun above sank in the glowing
West.

'Tis gone, that lovely weather which was more mild
than May,
And in its place are barren woods, and sky a leaden
grey;
So time doth make each present scene so quickly
fall behind,
That only the memory of it comes across our busy
mind.

DISILLUSIONED.

We build our hopes upon a bridge of fancies
Which issue from a heart as light as air,
And if our cherished hopes at last prove failures,
We sometimes settle down to grim despair.

Are the things that we so often yearn for
But mere phantoms come to vex our troubled
brain?
Or, are they purposely sent to make our hearts sore
By suffering, till we are perfected through our
pain?

This longing for something better lies within us—
Even a little child will sometimes plan

Of the wondrous things he means to do thus,
When at last he has become a man.

The one who dreams of greatness in the future,
Quite oft attains to years enough to see
That all those dreams to which his brain gave nurture
Are quite illusive, and thus he sees how vain
they be.

Those who worship some fair goddess in the Spring-
time
Of their youth, when love is like a Summer's day,
Are broken hearted if they should discover sometime
That the one they loved was only common clay.

Our hearts have somehow lost their buoyant feeling,
'Tis vanished, those dreams that we mistook for
truth;
And in their place there comes a vacancy, revealing
The memory of those fond illusions held in youth.

The old man, looking backward, sees quite clearly
All the former visions of his wasted years:
His sweetheart, whom he once had loved so dearly,
He deserted, believing that she caused the fears

He had harbored, for he was firm in believing
Her unfaithful, and overcome by wounded pride,
Had cast her off, and since then he's been grieving,
For his treatment broke her heart, of which she
died.

Lost forever are the hopes that he had cherished,
Passed forever, like her soul, beyond recall;
Yet the vision of that young life which had perished
Haunts, to-night, his mind like some black funeral
pall.

"Oh! could I but shake off this dreadful feeling
Which comes to haunt me like some troubled dream!
Ne'er will forgetfulness come softly o'er me stealing,
Until I cross the placid waters of Lethe's stream."

So he sits day by day, so sad and lonely,
Not the slightest tint of beauty does he see
In the landscape, for he waits the drawing only
Of life's curtain, which shall set his spirit free.

ROBERT BURNS.

A youth comes in my mind to-night:
Though but a country lad,
Still in his mind there dwelt the light
Which made his whole life sad.

He in the Springtime plowed the soil,
And, as he walked along
Burdened each day with irksome toil,
He told his thoughts in song

Which oft revealed the sympathy
He felt for all the poor,
And showed the strong antipathy
At what they did endure.

When his plough had struck the mouse's bed
And ruined his snug built home;
When Gilbert yearned to strike it dead,
He said, "Let it alone!"

His great compassion showed itself
When he saw the wounded hare;
And even to the daisy which
Bloomed on the meadow bare.

Every morn he'd walk the hill
That lay beside the Nith;
The scenery and the robin's trill,
Together filled his head with

Thoughts which gave their vent in song,
Which was both true and grand:
In future years they'll speed along
Through many a distant land.

We see him and the peasant girl,
As they stood beside the stream,
Plighting their troth as the waters whirl
Reflecting the sunlight's gleam.

Later we see him in abject sorrow,
Grieving for her whose spirit has flown—
Walking through rain, for on the morrow
He crosses the foaming billows alone.

His fame has spread for miles around
Ere he did hardly know it;
And many an invitation found
"Rob Burns, the Ploughman Poet."

His journey is put off for good,
For his fame has increased by far
More quickly than he thought it would,
And he's welcomed as the morning star.

Feted by many, he fell in bad ways:
Alas! for he might have saved

His name from reproach in future days,
Had he followed the advice he gave.

Married, and only a few years of life
Is there before him then;
Still he resists the teeming strife,
More than the average of men.

He sang to the world from a tender heart,
Which told his own life's story:
And many a song has added a part
To his name in undying glory.

Out of the darkness float songs immortal,
And we read his works and often sigh
For the life that too quickly passed earth's portal,
And faded as soon as a flower dies.

His sun has gone down in golden splendor,
Clear and cloudless, as a Summer's day;
But the memory of his heart so tender
Will live through the ages, and speak for aye.

THE NEW YEAR, 1895.

To day begins the dawning of another year,
A new book wherein to write our daily deeds:
Should care oppress us, we should have no fear,
For the future will oftentimes supply our needs.
What awaits us is hidden from our sight,
We cannot see it, puzzle as we may;
'Tis hidden more completely than the darkest night
Before it breaks upon the dawn of day.

The New Year lies white before us,
Untrodden, yet soon 'twill be stained
By our footsteps, and so it will be thus
That this year will see many maimed:
Many who make homes so cheery
On the dawn of this happy New Year,
May depart ere it ends and leave dreary
The places they brightened while here.

Stretching afar in the distance
Lies the year to be trod by our feet.
May temptations be met with resistance;
Whenever we happen to meet
One that to us seems the greatest,
And threatens our peace to invade,
So may we drive that which is latest
From our minds without being dismayed.

May we live our lives most uprightly,
And breathe not the faintest sigh
Of regret for that something unsightly
Which we've done in the years passed by.
Let success crown our every endeavor,
And never no harrowing fears
Come to vex us, and afterwards sever
Our hope through the coming years.

Let the sun of this present year brighten
Our spirits at night and at morn:
And may each one of us lighten
Some burden another has borne.
If we've done so, and though after we're grieving
At fate which has cost us much pain,
Still our morning has not turned to evening,
Nor the kindness we've done been in vain.

HOPE.

If hope did not dwell within us
How wretched we mortals would be,
For without it we always would be thus,
As a ship on the boundless sea,

Which sails without helm or compass,
And, bereft of that trusty guide,
They therefore sail onward aimlessly,
Drifting along with the tide.

They see no bright light in the distance
To warn them that danger is near:
And so, lacking that helpful assistance,
They sail on harassed with fear.

If hope shines down in our sadness,
As the moon from the blue vaulted sky,
'Tis welcomed with quite as much gladness
As the star to a traveller's eye,

Which, as he walks on in the darkness,
He is thankful for its twinkling light,
And although so far beyond him,
It may serve as a guide through the night.

Hope springs in our hearts like the dawning
Of a day that is cloudless and fair,
When we arise on an early Spring morning
And breathe the sweet scented air.

Perchance our friends may deceive us
When we are feeble and old,
Yet if hope reigns nothing can grieve us,
Nor the fire of genius grow cold.

Let hope lighten our hearts through the ages
Which we may live to see pass,
And be engraven on every day's pages,
As long as our lives shall last.

Let us hope, though the sky should darken
And the clouds of adversity roll;
For that something which leads us onward,
Is hope, the light of the soul.

THE ASTRONOMER'S SOLILOQUY.

"The city below me lies wrapt in slumber,
And while all is quiet in every home,
To-night many thoughts come to me without number
As I sit here within my tower alone.
My life has been spent in search of science,
Of the starry heavens and mystical lore,
And though I have conquered so much in science,
My heart is yearing to know still more.

"As I look at the stars each night with pleasure,
And behold the glory of sky and space,
My heart always beats a quicker measure:
For I am wholly of that race
Who, although poor in the world's estimation,
Still in enjoyment I take a part;
For though home be paltry, there's no desolation
If that is the centre of the heart.

"New worlds to discover would mean my glory;
Throughout my lifetime it has been my theme
For years, until this same old story
Has become my hobby, my grandest dream;

And if at length this longing be realized,
Only till then shall I ever satisfy
My craving for knowledge, when the thought I've idealized
Is mine, and then I would willingly die.

"But now I have only a few years before me
In which to accomplish my one great aim;
The fear of death which often comes to me
Is the only thought that troubles my brain:
To think ere another day is breaking
My soul may leave this earthly sphere
And upward soar, meanwhile thus making
Everything void I discovered here.

"If this should befall me, my hopes are wasted,
And all my study has been in vain;
The former triumphs which I have tasted
Have increased the desire of my brain
For a still greater and fuller conception
Of science, which has always been concealed;
So I hope that I in my lowly position
May be the means of its being revealed."

In this world of change we all are striving
For that which seems within our grasp:
Day by day we are constantly driving
For fame and wealth which we amass;
Too often it seems not worth the trouble
Which we for years have strove to gain,—
For fame is but an empty bubble
That brings us joy but often pain.

The morning dawns serene and cloudless,
The earth seems glad to see the sun —

But the astronŏmer's voice is stilled forever,
He has left his greatest work undone;
Never to realize his crowning triumph:
For now his spirit has reached that sphere
Where all is peace, we trust he's unmindful
Of all the strivings he witnessed here.

March 7, 1895.

IN MEMORIAM

OF THE LATE JOHN J. RILEY.

They have folded the hands
O'er the breast now so pale,
And the spirit has flown
To the Maker who gave:
His trials now are over,
The pain, too, has ceased,
And like a tired child
He has fallen asleep.

Asleep in that haven—
Oh! blessed repose,
So free from earth's cares,
From her wants and her woes;
Where sin cannot enter,
And grief is no more,
And no parting from loved ones
On yonder bright shore.

There the weary shall rest
And want nevermore,
For a kind, gracious Father
Presides at that board;

There the pastures are green,
  There's bread and to spare,
For all that may enter
  May partake of it there.

But still we shall miss him,
  As the years come and go,
And memory goes back
  To the time long ago,
When in childhood we played—
  Then life was a dream,
How little we thought,
  What the future would bring.

But now, though so far
  From the hearts that were thine,
We trust we may meet
  In our Father's good time:
When the summons shall come,
  And we bid earth adieu,
May we be like thee, ready
  And willing to go.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

In the city amidst the bustle
  Of the crowded narrow street,
Where each one has to hustle
  Along with the crowd they meet;
They are constantly hurrying onward
  At a rapid, giddy pace;
I've marked the troubled expression
  I've read on each stranger's face.

The business man's brow is anxious,
His lips are set and firm,
For his thoughts are chiefly centered
On what he has to earn
For an extravagant wife and daughter,
Who are making life wretched for him
By spending his hard earned money
To gratify every whim.

Their rooms are furnished in splendor,
Their hall is laid with tile,
But their hearts are completely hardened,—
For that tyrant known as "Style"
Has entered in their dominion,
And what makes it seem more sad
Is that this tyrant has stolen
What little sense they had.

While Mother and Daughter are shopping
And buying no end of gim-cracks,
The poor old man is stopping
At a lunch room: this is the fact.
While they buy a teakwood table,
And some lovely bargains in silk,
Papa feels only able
To order some pie and milk.

They dress in silk and velvet,
Have servants at their command,
And are always crazy to get
Whatever seems to be grand:
Papa's suit and even his necktie
Are faded and wearing thin,
Yet they think, without even a sigh,
"These are good enough for him."

To reception, ball, and theatre
They are always going the round:
Not the small gatherings, only the greater
Is where they are constantly found.
Tired and worn with his labors,
Early the old man comes home,
And, as usual, the case is
He sits there nightly alone.

To-night he's intently thinking
Of the many years that have flown
Since that bright Spring morning
When he claimed her as his own;
Then everything was sunshine,
Not the faintest cloud was seen
To mar their new-made union,
Whose life had dawned serene.

A ring of the door bell wakes him
From his thoughtful reverie,
And opening the oaken door
Instantly he does see
His wife and daughter, finely
Clad in their Winter furs,
She glances at him askance,
He gazes intently at her.

After they've entered their rooms
And removed their heavy wraps,
The old man thinks a few words
Might do some good, perhaps:
And set them both to thinking,
If they are so inclined,
About a certain matter
That's laid too long on his mind.

"Martha," said he, "I've been thinking,
And I ought to have spoken ere this,
But I hated to speak any words
To disturb your domestic bliss;
But the fact is, I'm wretchedly tired,
And my mind is rigidly set
Against your extravagant folly
And the way you've run me in debt.

"There's Smith, the dry goods merchant,
Who met me to-day on the street;
He spoke of dull times as usual,
The moment we chanced to meet;
Then, after a few minutes' talking,
He said, with a meaning smile,
'We've a large bill against you, my friend,
That's been standing quite a while.'

"Well, I was completely dumbfounded,
Almost too much to reply,
For the amount which he stated
Made my old heart sigh,
To realize so much money
Should be spent for silk and screens,—
And that reminds me, Martha,
We are living beyond our means.

"It's well enough to have finery,
And gorgeous silk curtains and sich
Will do nicely for those
Who are high-toned and rich:
But to squander hard earned money,
What I toil for night and day,
To please every whim and caprice,—
It's wicked to do that way."

Then Martha spoke up quickly
And said, "Now, John, you see
We have to make an appearance,
Because our Society
Would surely wonder at it,
And wear a disdainful smile
When calling, if they should discover
Our furnishings weren't in style."

So on he'll continue striving,
As long as his life shall last,
For a thankless wife and daughter
Who are spending his money fast;
Though his heart is heavy laden,
And his life o'errun with care,
Still he must march slowly onward
With the burden he must bear.

BERNARD PALISSY.

Genius is too often misunderstood
By those who always think they're wise:
They never help a mortal as they should,
But gaze upon him with averted eyes.
Palissy never had a friend to cheer
His lonely hours, or to impart
A bit of joy to light his prospect drear,—
But still he labored on with heavy heart,
Without the slightest ray of hope
To lighten up the ever increasing gloom
In which he for years did blindly grope,
Until at length he realized, but not soon,
That genius, although scorn is often at it hurled,
Still leaves a marked impression in the world.

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